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ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXXXIX.

WHERE there's love, 'tis ten to one,
Praise too lavish will be found,
And, as truly, where there's none,
Causeless censure will abound.

XC.

Many boast, and without end,
How great the love they bear their friend,
Never thinking, piteous elves,
'Tis but at last to serve themselves.

XCI.

The crocodile's false plaintive art
Hath slain the wretch, whose corse you see;
Thus man lures man, with icy heart,
To some sad cruel destiny.

* * *

DIAL MADOG*.

BY S. R. JACKSON.

INTRODUCTION.

LAND of the bard and warrior! land,
For minstrelsy renown'd so long;
Whose noble sons, with matchless hand,
Could wield the sword or wake the song:

Oh! whither is that spirit fled,
Which music breath'd, and love inspir'd,
The spirit of the mighty dead,
Why has it not their children fired.

Alas! when Cambria's monarchs died,
Soft Music bade the land farewell,
And buried long has lain the pride
To bid the song of glory swell.

* Madog's Revenge.